Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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R. SPEARS,
19, Mornington Road, Bow Road,
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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

FRIENDSHIP.—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

TWO DIFFICULTIES.—A writer says:—"The ability to preach without notes is considered a desirable attainment. There is but one higher in the same direction, and that is—the ability to preach without ideas."

LIFE'S CONSEQUENCES.—We have seldom serious words addressed to us by sceptics, yet Voltaire said, "We know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end! What is done is done, has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working universe, and will also work there for good or evil openly or secretly, throughout all time."

PRAYER OF JOHN FLEETWOOD.—Father of all Love, when we come to Thee we know that Thou art willing to come to us. If we seek Thee we shall surely find Thee, when we seek for Thee with all our hearts. Only be pleased, Father, to grant to us more often and yet more often, the certainty of infinite and constant help from Thee. Open our eyes to see the vision, open our ears to hear the Word, open our hearts to be inspired by the Holy Spirit, strengthened by Thy strength, and taught to do Thy will to-day. In Christ Jesus we ask it! Amen.

CLEANLINESS.—Cleanliness is a virtue not appreciated. Bathe often the whole body. It conduces to health, comfort, and happiness, and whoever neglects it is not only careless, but in a sense he is wicked, neglecting his bodily health and trifling with life.

BEAUTY OF CREATION.—Summer is at hand, learn from its beauty. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank him for it, the fountain of loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with the eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

"BLUE SKY SOMEWHERE."—Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a picnic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstacies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no songs of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain—even Hope hid her face and wept. "Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis. "If it clears off." "But when will it clear off?" "Oh, look out for blue sky." And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes. "Well, I don't care, mother," said he, when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours, "if I haven't seen it, I know there's blue sky somewhere." The next morning there was blue sky, a whole heaven full of it; clear, glorious blue sky such as only greets us after a storm. "There, mother, didn't I tell you so;" cried a joyous little voice; "there is blue sky!" then the little head dropped for a moment in silent thought. "Mother!" exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day, yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, 'cause, you see, there ain't no place where it could have gone to. God only covered it up with clouds, didn't he?"

DIVINE AND DIVINER.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of the Romanists :—"According to the Ultramontane view, the State is divine, conscience rather diviner than the State, the Pope divinest of all. Conscience, in short, is a sort of dog, kept by the Pope to worry the State, but not permitted to bite his master."

TO OUR BOYS.—Boys, rely upon yourselves. Don't lean upon your fathers, or your uncles, or your friends. If you have marked out an honourable path in life, take up your staff and go ahead and wait not for anybody to give you a push. Don't wait for help. The best and richest men in this country never had rich fathers to help them. They have gained their positions by self-reliance, perseverance, and high-toned, noble lives.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—The Dean of Westminster recently said that the hope of immortality was the hope of the whole human race, and in all ages, as well as in all countries; this was shown by the care bestowed on the remains of the dead. Long might we maintain the blessing of our English churchyards, that whether buried by the same or by different forms, by the same or by different pastors, we might continue to see our Churchmen and Nonconformists rest together, because they were members of the same great English family.

A DELUSION.—No men know better than business men that honesty is the best policy. We have the following words from a *Trade List*. They are to the point :—"A young man who thinks that he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good and steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks the people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repents, everybody will forget that he was a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides it is no easy thing to break up in middle age bad habits that have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough until the wheels get into a deep hole, and then he stops and holds back. Just so it is with the boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks, and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is not to contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink."

PRINCESS LOUISE.—By way of India we learn that the Princess Louise is understood to be a total abstainer, the only one of her Majesty's children who is so. Can any of our readers, by way of Scotland or England, confirm the above? One thing we do know, the Princess is doing her utmost just now to raise every stipend of the clergy above £200.

YOUNG TRAVELLERS.—It is said one of the darling ideas of even the children of native born Americans is, that they will some day visit the Old World. It is reported that a Sunday-school speaker spoke on Corinthians. He opened by stating boldly that we cannot all go to Corinth. The disappointment was so great that the members of the infant class were affected to tears.

GROWTH OF THE EARTH.—In the interesting course of lectures on astronomy which Mr. R. A. Proctor has been delivering in the theatre of the Society of Arts, for the especial benefit of young persons, his subject for the latest was "Meteors, Comets, and Stars." In speaking of the meteors, he developed at some length the thought, which will strike many as a novelty, that the earth is, has always been, and so long as it shall exist as a part of our cosmical system must ever continue to be growing in size. Meteors are bodies, composed of extra-terrene matter, which travel in vast belts and in highly eccentric orbits round the sun. These belts, or systems of meteors, are very numerous, and when their orbits intersect that of the earth they are brought within the influence of its gravition, and on entering our atmosphere become luminous and fall to the surface of our planet in those periodical showers of shooting stars which are so well known. Not a night passes in which some falling stars are not seen, and in certain months and on particular nights the golden rain is incessant. Of course, too, meteors fall in the daytime, although unseen. It is computed, said the lecturer, that hundreds of thousands of these extra-terrene bodies become incorporated with the earth every twenty-four hours, and 400,000,000 in the course of each year. They may vary in weight between a few grains and a ton. One is known to have fallen in South America which weighed fifteen tons. Yet these small accretions to the earth's matter would take many millions of years to add a single foot to its diameter. It has been shown that one of these meteoric systems followed in the track of a small telescopic comet, although not to be confounded with its tail, and it was now the general opinion of astronomers that all these belts of meteors were similarly related to comets. Mr. Proctor then proceeded to speak of comets and stars.

THE BRETON'S PRAYER. — When the Breton mariner puts to sea his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide." Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

SUPERSTITIONS.—We have recently met with the following. Can any of our readers say yes or no to these things? In Wales it is considered highly lucky by the peasantry to have the roofs of their houses covered with the house-leek, as it is supposed to preserve and protect them from disease, and to ensure prosperity. The snapdragon, which is much cultivated in gardens on account of its showy flowers, is in many places said to have a supernatural influence, and to possess the power of destroying charms. In Scotland a particular virtue is supposed to rest with the possessor of a piece of flour-bladed clover of knowing when anybody is practising witchcraft on him.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—A curious case of hallucination is related by an American paper. A young man named George G. Wheeler, a hard student with a turn for investigation, announced to his friends a chemical discovery of the first importance. He had prepared a powder which, sprinkled on the body of a dead person, would restore life. He had unbounded faith in it, as is shown by a memorandum left by him directing his friends to scatter some of his "creative, all-changing material assistant" on his body. He had killed himself to have an opportunity to prove the value of his discovery. If scientists and philosophers were to subject themselves to as severe a test as this, we should have fewer startling theories and discoveries, and possibly more common sense.

CAN GOD COUNT?—How often the questions and thoughts of children instruct us. The *Olive Leaf* says: "A tiny little girl asked her brother, Can't God count? It occurred in this way: this little girl and her brother were carrying a basket of cakes to their old grandmother. As often happens with children, and sometimes with grown people, they were very curious to see what was in the basket; and so they very carefully raised the cover, and looked in. When their greedy eyes saw the tempting cakes, their mouths fairly watered to taste them. After counting them over several times, they almost made up their minds they might eat just one of them. Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good. While they were gazing at the cakes, and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up in her brother's face, and asked the matter-of-fact question, 'Can't God count?' This settled the matter; the lid was shut down, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother."

CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM. — The *Jewish Messenger* says that "Christianity cannot better a Jew." We have a better opinion of our brother Hebrews than that. We are sure that both Jew and Christian can be bettered by the study of both Old Testament and New.

THOUGHTS FROM THE HINDU.

To shut in love what bolt were fit?
  None, I fear,
Seeing there needs to publish it
  But a tear.

Or in a valley, or on mountain,
  With horizon scant or wide,
  Each is by his nature tied;
Scoop handfuls from sea or fountain,
  Be thou poorer, be thou richer,
  Thou canst only fill thy pitcher.

"O Bal!" spake Vishnu, "take thy choice;
  With five men wise
To live in hell, or with five fools
  In paradise."
"Then give me hell, for heaven is but
  Where wisdom dwells;
And folly would of heaven make
  A dozen hells!"

How idle 'tis to speculate
  Where Deity abides,
When everywhere, in everything,
  The Godhead hides.
Lo! milk is white, though divers hued
  The kine—red, brindle, dun;
Though altar flowers be different,
  Worship is one.

So, many faiths match many needs,
But God's the same in spite of creeds;
And since man hath scarce wit
  Into himself to see,
Why should he dare expect
  To look on Deity?

Wherefore drink of sacred wells?
  Wherefore to Benares go?
None save him that doeth good
  Can the true Benares know.
Going thither will not change
  To elephant your hog,
Nor can pious journeys make
  A lion of a dog.

By no means in desert waste,
  Nor in heaven high,
Nor at confluence of streams
  Search for sanctity.
If thou art not pure of mind,
Think not the pure God to find.
No pilgrimage makes him a saint
Who was not one before he went.

Rachel Pomeroy.

PICTURES FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

MY AUNT'S STORY.

By Mrs. Ritchie.

Looking over the old family album one afternoon of a very warm day in midsummer, a strange fancy came into my mind as I looked upon faces I had seen almost every day since my earliest remembrance; faces of dear and loving friends—faces that had looked upon my childhood-days, that had watched my tottering footsteps, and listened with tender interest for my lisping words of endearment; dear, kind, loving faces, bearing now the lines and furrows of time which have marked the brow, dimmed the eye, and made slow the once light and graceful step of beautiful womanhood. I said, a strange fancy, for often strange fancies fill my brain as I sit and watch the clouds that float above my head, and I almost fancy faces look upon me from the ever-changing, ever-varying clouds.

I was a happy girl, enjoying all the comforts, the luxuries of a city life; a dreamer always imagining some romance connected with people I met. I have read faces, and written in imagination a story of many chapters, as I looked upon a sad, pretty face in sable weeds. I have even had sympathy for old bachelors, that I had learned had been crossed in love, and had foresworn womankind for ever after. I had yet to learn that sable weeds do not always express grief and woe, too often are they dictates of fashion and heartlessness. I remember with what awe and gloom I looked upon the deep folds of heavy crape, the face concealed behind the gloomy veil; the mournful figure awoke my sincere compassion. My fancies were not always solemn, for I was young and happy; the youth is ever hopeful, so that my romances had a happy ending or a serene resignation.

This afternoon, as seated beside the window, the breeze swaying the vines to and fro, cast their shadows across the book as I slowly turned the leaves, I looked with loving interest on the faces of friends and relatives, some passed beyond the river; their graves covered with the tall grass; the winter snows have drifted high upon them, and the golden sunlight of many summers has caused the flowers to bloom and fade.

Dear old album; next to my Bible do I love and venerate thy time-worn leaves. With you comes the pleasant memories of olden time, when those who have wandered far and wide were young and innocent with the sunlight of happiness upon them, whose heads are now silvered with the frosts of age; scenes and incidents I recall as I look upon each pictured face, which if written would fill volumes, for in every one's life some romance exists, some sorrow the world has never known has caused hearts to bleed.

This picture, a familiar one, is my loving aged mother, taken when a gay young matron with her little children under her protecting care; and here is one, upon which I have spent many hours of thought; it awakens fond recollections of my childhood days; a group of four ladies; the faces are intelligent, full of life and animation; yet, oh how different in expression! I am not much of a physiognomist, yet as I look upon this picture I fancy I can almost read the destiny of each of their lives. They are my mother's sisters, my four aunts.

The lady sitting with her face looking to the left is my Aunt Janet. The face wears an eager, expectant look, as though it was asking what next will be asked of me? for my aunt's life was full of perplexities from which she was ever seeking relief.

To the right of her stands a lady dressed in black velvet and point lace, bland and smiling Aunt Augusta, "born with a silver spoon in her mouth." On the left, the face of a lady with a sad expression looks upon you, proud, passionate Aunt Millie; who looking upon her would fail to predict a stormy life? beside her, with her hand upon a chair, is the small dignified figure of my Aunt Lottie.

While writing, comes the memory of bright happy days, breaking through the mists of old reminiscences. I was but a child at this period (when this picture was taken) and remember these

incidents partly as a child's fancies, and partly as realities which the experience of years has taught me to understand; and in recalling their early history my thoughts take a step backward to the years, when the eyes were bright, the hair dark and the figure full and rounded to the perfection of mature womanhood. Looking upon the picture I can scarcely believe that the care-worn, tired face of my Aunt Janet was ever young and pretty as I have been told she was—that she was ever gay and wild seems to me almost an impossibility.

Aunt Janet was my mother's eldest sister. Often do I remember hearing my mother speak of her school days, perchance it might have been to rouse my slumbering ambition to my books; she would tell me, in tones of pride, of the reward of perseverance. I am not quite sure that it had that effect upon me, yet it comes vividly before me to-day—the sunlight—through the open door like a halo about my mother's face as she told me of my aunt's life. I always had a childish curiosity to trace back to the past, and would sit for hours and listen to stories of other days.

Of her early married life little was said, yet I knew she had tasted deeply of sorrow's cup even to the dregs; widowed, with her little children to care and provide for, she strove to make life desirable for them and those about her.

This is my first recollection of her. My play hours were often passed with my cousins beneath her roof, and like some half-forgotten dream those days come before me. She was a zealous mother, her love for her children often making her seem to me unjust. She forgot her youth for them, depriving herself of pleasures that they might enjoy the advantages of other children in their rank in society; and thus her days passed on laden with care, with few pleasures to brighten up the dull gray tint.

Loved and respected by those who knew her, Aunt Janet's youth merged into middle age. She grew stern and matter-of-fact in her every-day life. All the romance of her life vanished; business and bargain occupied her thoughts. In her husband's life, she had been a cheerful, generous matron, a kind and loving wife possessing a most considerate husband.

But "God's ways are not our ways;" death entered that home, and the husband and father was taken from his family.

In the lonely chamber, none but the All-Seeing Eye looks upon the weeping wife as she gathers her little ones to her side. God of the fatherless; he knows the sorrows, the hopes crushed, the despair with which the wife gathers up the broken threads of life to begin anew. A more helpless, inexperienced widow was never cast upon an uncharitable world to battle for the rights of the widow and fatherless than my Aunt Janet. Friends came to her assistance; a remnant of her fortune was preserved, enough to give her a comfortable home and a moderate income.

Her daughters grew to womanhood and married. In their joys and pleasures, she again lived her youth. It is a good face to look upon, not handsome as the world sees it, but kind and full of motherly love; her checkered life has told upon her; the eyes dark, keen, and small, the forehead fair in its proportions; the nose a little inclined to turn up, giving expression, a piquancy to the face. The hair is crimped, as was the fashion of the day, and is brushed back from the face and confined in braids about the head.

Aunt Janet had her peculiarities; she was precise, decided in her views, and slow to give her opinion, quick to take offence; and woe to the unlucky offender until ample explanation was made, when Aunt Janet was gracious again.

She was not always gay and social with the happy and prosperous; her experience in life had made her doubtful, mistrustful of the sincerity of others. But she could weep with those that wept far better than she could rejoice with those who had never known sorrow.

Beside the bed of suffering she could keep tireless vigils, would watch every change with tearful anxiety; and when

death came to those she loved, to children and children's children, with a pale face and a faith that sustained her, she folded the little hands across the still breast and believed that the good Shepherd had called his lambs to his loving care.

Sons and daughters bless her name, and her declining years promise peace and happiness. Silver haired and aged, my Aunt Janet waits amid the shadows for the end, content to wait till her work is done, and the master calls.

Aunt Augusta's fine toilet of black velvet and point lace gives tone to the picture; her face wears a most serene expression; satisfied with herself and her surroundings, her life had been all passed in comfort and luxury; no pinching poverty, no anxiety for the morrow's food and raiment had ever been her lot. She was the wife of a most successful business man; fate had appointed her lot beside pleasant places —had been very good to her—and yet like all mortals Aunt Augusta had her days of repining, when amid all the splendour of her home she declared she was a most miserable woman.

Looking upon the picture you see her calm, smiling face; the black hair is most elaborately arranged in her usual style; puffed about the face, a heavy braid crowned the head, long curls suspended from the back fall over the shoulders upon the dress. As a child I remember her hair always arranged in the same peculiar style; from early morn until she entered her sleeping-room at night, no one of her household ever sees her otherwise.

The eyes are dark, the expression indifferent, the features are not regular, and over the face comes the look I can only call serene for want of a more fitting name. In her young days I have heard my mother say, "she was fine looking;" and as I remember her from my youth up she was still considered so—a fashionable woman of the world, whose house had been the resort of gay and fashionable people, and a very faint sprinkling of the religious; for Aunt Augusta's sympathies did not lie in that direction. Naturally good-natured, with refined tastes, and a nicety of perceptions, her home was a model one, in point of housekeeping, and very proud was she of her elegant home.

I remember with what silent wonder, with what awe, I looked about those elegant rooms, surveyed the costly pictures, the heavy drapery of lace and damask; the large house was so still save when company was present, and it was always darkened to a sombre degree; no fly dared show his venturesome head within those grand rooms; no childish feet played about those wide halls; no childish voices echoed through those rooms. Two daughters had been born to her. Anna, the eldest, was married many years ago, and is surrounded by a blooming family; my cousin Maud died when a child—that was before my remembrance, and was my aunt's one great sorrow. I have seen the sweet face many times. Her picture hangs over the piano in the family sitting-room.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material and essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered in every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered if once in three days or thereabouts, a great black ugly rain cloud were broken up over the sky, and everything well watered, and so left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our life when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure by the Great Being who made all, all worlds.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG IN MR. MOODY'S THEOLOGY.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

As it is always best, before finding fault, to first find the good in anything, let me say that, in my opinion, Mr. Moody is right in the following statements:—

1. *He is right in saying* that all men can and ought to be Christians at once—that there is no need of waiting in order to make ourselves better before we begin to be Christians. We can begin now.

2. *He is right in saying* that all those who are going the wrong way need to turn round and begin to go the right way—that is, that they need to be converted. Conversion is turning round.

3. *He is right in saying* that we can be forgiven now, as soon as we repent. This does not mean that *all* the consequences of sin are at once removed; but it means that we can at once be partakers of the love of God.

4. *He is right in saying* that the death of Jesus has a great influence in bringing men to repentance and to the forgiving love of God.

But I think that Mr. Moody *is wrong* in teaching or implying the following doctrines:—

1. *He is wrong* that blood has any influence on the Divine mind, or that God takes any abstract pleasure in bloodshed. He implies or asserts this in going through the Old Testament to find instances of bloodshed—especially dwelling on the blood of the paschal lamb—and ending by saying: "I wish I had time to spend a few days on the subject of blood." All this is pure materialism and naturalism, and encourages the magical and pagan view of blood, as though the physical blood of Christ gave pleasure to the Almighty. The same literalism is shown by the Roman Catholic, who supposes that by partaking of Christ's physical body and blood his soul is to be made better. And Mr. Moody finally abandons this whole view of blood when he says:—"Now, I think that instead of its being blood that God demands, really it is life." Then why not stop speaking of blood, and speak of Christ's giving his life a ransom for sinners!

The Scripture says that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither can corruption inherit incorruption;" and Jesus says, "It is the spirit which makes alive, the flesh profiteth nothing."

2. Mr. Moody is wrong in insisting that we are to hide behind Christ's blood, or behind the death of Christ. This is all unscriptural; no such language as this is to be found in the New Testament, nor any ideas corresponding to it. We are not to be found *behind* Christ, but "to be found *in* him." We are to be in him and he in us. We are to *put on* Christ. We are to have the spirit of Christ, for without it we are none of his. Only to have Christ's spirit and his truth — only to have Christ "formed within us, the hope of glory," can produce holiness, and "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

3. Mr. Moody is wrong in saying that "since the time of Adam there has been no approach to God but by sacrifice and blood."

Even the prophets taught a very different doctrine. Isaiah (chap. i.) tells the people that God is tired of their sacrifices, and that in order to approach Him "they must cease to do evil and learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Ezekiel tells us that when the wicked man turns away from his wickedness and does that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. Micah says (vi. 6) that we are not to come before God with sacrifices, but that what the Lord requires of us is "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly" with our God. And when we turn to the New Testament, we find the same preference for good works over sacrifice and bloodshed. Did Cornelius the Centurion "approach God by sacrifices and bloodshed!" Not at all. The angel said, "Thy prayers and thy alms are come up for a memorial before God." Did Peter tell that all those who "approach God by sacrifice" are accepted of him? Not in the least. Peter said that "those who fear God and work righteousness" are accepted of Him.

So wholly mistaken is Mr. Moody in this assertion.

4. Still more is Mr. Moody mistaken in saying that Christ's life does not save us. He is reported as teaching "Christ's life don't save us. It was by his death." Now it so happens that the Scripture in no one place connects salvation with the death of Christ, but does explicitly connect it with his life. The Scripture carefully discriminates; and a more careful study of the Scripture would help Mr. Moody to a much truer theology. The Scripture distinguishes accurately between pardon for the past, which was mediated to us through Christ's death, and salvation for the future, which it distinctly attributes to the life of Christ. We are justified by the influence of his death, but saved through the influence of his life. This is plainly taught; Romans v. 10: "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." Justification, or pardon, comes by faith in God's love, revealed by Christ in his life and death and resurrection. Salvation comes by works, inspired by Christ's life of holiness and love.

5. Mr. Moody is therefore wrong in deprecating works. This the Scripture never does. The Scripture ascribes pardon to faith, but salvation to works proceeding from grateful love, the fruit of pardoned sin, and the affectionate love inspired by the holy life of Jesus. Mr. Moody ridicules those who hope to be saved by their works. But in doing this, he ridicules the Apostle Paul, who tells us to "work out our salvation," and who says that God "will render unto every man according to his deeds; to them who, by faithful continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honour and immortality, eternal life." He opposes St. James, who tells us that we deceive our own souls as we are "hearers and not doers," and that a man "is justified by works" as well as by faith. He opposes Christ, who teaches that those who hear his words and do them not, build on the sand; but these who hear and do them, build on the rock, and not those who say Lord! Lord! but those who do the will of his Father in heaven shall enter into his kingdom. It is very dangerous to speak as rashly as Mr. Moody does about works. It encourages false hopes. What we need is the same clear discrimination that we find in the New Testament. Faith and works are both essential to Christianity, each in its place.

6. Mr. Moody's comparison of faith in the atonement to a railroad ticket is likely to mislead. All we have to do, he intimates, in order to reach heaven, is to show our ticket. If the man has the right ticket he can pass. What we have to do is to get behind the blood of Christ. Paul certainly had "that ticket," but he did not consider it enough. He said: "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest, when I have preached it to others, I should myself be a castaway." If Paul had gone into the inquiry-meeting and said that, I am afraid Mr. Moody would say: "Why, Paul, if you have the token, you are all right. Don't try to get to heaven by your works." We fear that a railroad ticket is not a very good illustration of that divine love, without which a faith which can remove mountains is nothing.

7. As regards the atonement, Mr. Clarke said that there were two views of the atoning work of Christ, which ought not to be confounded. One teaches that Christ died to reconcile God to man; the other that he died to reconcile man to God. The latter is the Scripture doctrine. Christ did not die to appease the wrath of God, or to pay any debt to God; or to be punished in our place, or to satisfy any desire for blood on the part of the Almighty. He redeems us not from hell, nor from the power of the devil, but from the chain of sin, and the evil conversation received by tradition of the past. He is not literally a sacrifice, any more than he is literally a door, or a shepherd, or a vine. He takes the place of a door, of a shepherd and a sacrifice, doing all that they are supposed to do. He puts an end to sacrifices and bloodshed for ever, and teaches us, instead of all sacrifices, to present ourselves as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God.

A SERENE OLD AGE.

I ONCE knew a dear old lady—so sweet, so bright, so clever—wearing her eighty years as "lightly as a flower." When you talked with her you would have thought her a woman of thirty, so full was she of all the quick sympathy of youth, the wise tenderness of middle age. Of the weaknesses of old age she had absolutely none. Her interest in all those about her was such that she never seemed to think of herself at all. No complaint, no murmur at her own ailments—and she had ailments and sorrows too—ever fell from her lips; her only anxiety was about the cares of other people, and how she could lighten them in great things and small. Her bounty knew no limits except her means, which were not great; "but," she once said, smiling, "I need so little; and then you see, my dear, I always pay my bills every week, so as to give no trouble to anybody afterward." Thus she kept house, with the utmost order, yet with ceaseless hospitality. It was indeed the House Beautiful, from whose gates all who came departed refreshed and strengthened, and whence no creature who came in want or grief was ever sent empty away.

I need not name it; many now living will remember it; and none who were familiar there could ever forget it, or her, as she sat in her quiet corner, with her sweet old face, and her lovely little ringed hands,—peaceful, idle hands; since for some years before she died she was nearly blind. Yet her blindness—though coming so late in life it made her very helpless—never made her sad or dull; she could still listen to and join in conversation, and she greatly liked society, especially that of the young. There was always a tribe of young people coming about her, telling her all their doings and plannings, their amusements and their troubles. She was fond of them, and they—adored her! One girl in particular owned that the first time this dear old lady voluntarily kissed her, she felt "as if she had been kissed by her first love."

When she died—at over eighty, certainly, but her executors had to guess at the date, for she was an old maid, without any near relation, and had often said did not even know her own age, it was so long since she was born,—when she died there was found among her private papers a portrait of a young man in a foreign military dress. No one could guess who it was; the name—there was a name—no one had ever heard of. At last some old acquaintance recalled a far-away tradition of her having been once about to be married; somehow the marriage was broken off, but the two remained friends, and, it was believed, corresponded and occasionally met, till his death, which happened when she was about fifty years old. For his nephew—and heir, he having died unmarried—had then been to see her; somebody recollected having met the young man at her house, and her introducing him by the name on the miniature. After that all was silence. She was never heard to name the name again. Yet she lived on for thirty more years.

"What do you do when you are quite alone?" was once asked anxiously of her when she was too blind either to write or sew or read.

"What do I do? My dear, I sit and think. I have so much to think about,—and so many."

"And are you never dull?"

"Dull! Oh, no! I am quite happy."

She was, I am sure. You could see it in her face. Her last act—the last time she ever crossed her threshold—was, I remember, a visit of kindness, partly as an excuse to take for a drive a person who was too feeble to walk much. She was then extremely feeble herself; and climbing a steep stair, one who had assisted her said, anxiously, "I fear you are very tired." "Yes," she replied, "I am always tired now. But," turning suddenly around with the brightest of smiles, "never mind, it will be all right soon." Four weeks after she lay in her final rest, looking so young, so pretty, so content, that those who best loved her choked down their sobs and smiled, saying, "It was like putting a baby to sleep."—*Miss Mulloch.*

WHY SHE WAS NOT A UNITARIAN.

An amiable old lady of some orthodox denomination told a friend that in her youth she had spent a good while with a Unitarian uncle, whom she admired greatly for the uprightness of his life, and moreover she had some liking for his Unitarian opinions.

"Then why did not you turn Unitarian?" asked the friend.

"Well, when I got home I considered, and compared his opinions with my parents' opinions, and I also compared his way of life and theirs; and I found they were at rest in their opinions, while he was always striving after something which he could not attain. So I decided to remain orthodox like my parents."

No doubt there are many quiet, easy-going people who find it very pleasant when they have done wrong to lay the blame on the devil, who they say is ceaselessly waiting at their elbow to tempt them; or on Eve, who they say made them liable to sin by eating that apple. If, notwithstanding these consolations, they should feel uneasy at having done wrong, they have nothing to do but to lay their sins upon Jesus every night, and then start afresh in the morning (according to the advice given lately by a London clergyman to the admiring young ladies in his Bible class).

They say that they *have been* saved, and *are* clean, "washed in Jesu's blood." They sing, "Cast your deadly doing down, for Jesus did it, did all, long ago." They rest and are content as they are.

In opposition to all this, Unitarianism teaches that the only salvation to be wished for is salvation from sin (not from punishment), and that this can only be gained by each one's individual effort; that heaven can only be enjoyed in proportion to our own fitness and purity; that only he that doeth righteousness is righteous; that sin and wrong-doing can only be washed away by repentance and amendment; that our knowledge must be increased and our judgment cultivated in order to increase our power of doing right; that we are to be content with no low standard of excellence, but to strive to be perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect.

This kind of teaching rouses the conscience of a person who is inclined to glide too easily down the stream of life, and makes it sting him if he will not strive after something higher, and may determine many old ladies and others to remain orthodox.

THE ANGEL'S COMMAND.

A heavy storm had been raging over the Atlantic Ocean which had wrecked several unseaworthy vessels. In the calmer regions of ether which surround this little world of ours, the souls of the departed rise as they leave their earthly tenements. Feeble in spiritual sense as are the generality, their perceptions are not keen enough to distinguish each other, therefore each dwells alone till a superior intelligence comes to their relief. One such soul, whom we will name Rachel, had but shortly risen from a ship that had gone down in the storm, and was seated on a white bank of clouds that lay rolled high up above the roaring wind. For some time she had been gazing around wondering to find herself still so near the old world, and rejoicing in the cessation of the sufferings she had gone through. But the loneliness of her position soon began to strike terror to her soul. Did not all her fellow passengers suffer shipwreck? then, where were they? Her lot had been friendless and lonely in the world, but if this was death, where then were the loved ones that had gone before?

All at once she became aware of a presence near her, and the music of a gentle voice, "Sister you can rise no higher; you lack strength."

"Have you come from above?" she returned, in a voice that sounded to herself weak and harsh in comparison. "Can you rise higher, were you wrecked? You are bright and have many changing colours in your wings, while mine are a dull white. Your eyes are lovely and yet fearful."

Then the bright one began to explain Rachel's position in the spiritual world.

But our earthly perceptions are too dull to comprehend what that angel said. The low music of his voice may have been heard by little children in their sleep, who, on awakening, retain but

" Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day."

As Rachel listened her eyes grew brighter and yet more sad. At last he drew from his breast a small scroll, on one side of which was written "Humility and Obedience;" on the other a word too faint for her to read. He then took her by the hand, and the cloud on which they sat began to descend till it rested on a low hill in Cornwall.

"I can descend no lower," said the angel; "here I must leave you. Already this thick atmosphere clouds my senses. Take this scroll and study it daily. You will depend for all your earthly wants upon the kindness of strangers till such time as you regain your wings and your present form which raised you to the borders of a better and happier world, into which you were yet too weak to rise. The command I lay upon you is this: stay not two nights under the same charitable roof, and never retrace your steps."

A feeble old woman, supporting herself on crutches, walked down from that hill, from which the angel rose, his mission done, to his own place once more. Rachel was her name, a poor, bent old soul, of whom the people in the nearest village said, no doubt she had led a bad life, or she wouldn't be a wanderer and friendless, depending upon charity in her old age, unwilling to give an account of herself when questioned.

For weeks she wandered on from one village to another, often hungry and weary and footsore, lying at night sometimes even in the fields. She would take the scroll from her pocket when resting and alone, and read over and over again the two words, humility and obedience, and ponder upon their significance. She found that the poor people were the most ready to give and supply her wants; they gave kindly and appeared unsuspicious; at any rate they presumed not to question her right to beg.

One evening in her wanderings she came up to a large old English church. She was very weary; the distance from the village where she had spent the last night had been too much for her feeble steps. Would people object to her resting awhile under the vaulted roof of this church? The door was open, so she entered. Oh that she might sleep before the altar, and lay her weary head upon the steps, instead of begging a shelter from the uncertain charity of strangers. But, no, a rude hand grasped her shoulder, and she turned to face the curious and unsympathetic gaze of a smart flunkey, the squire's servant, who had come to arrange his gouty master's pew for the evening service. For one bitter moment Rachel forgot the hard lesson of humility, and frowned so severely that that hasty functionary started back in confusion. Rachel merely hobbled away to seek a night's rest in more hospitable quarters. But she was repulsed from door to door. The moon was rising, and a keen wind began to blow as Rachel, murmuring to herself softly, "The Lord will provide," left the village to cross a wide and lonely common. For more than two miles she walked on without meeting a soul; the sounds of the village died away behind her; not even the barking of a dog broke the silence. She raised her eyes to the stars with difficulty, so bent was her form and so weak with fasting and want of rest, and drew the scroll from her pocket. The two words stood out so bright in the dim light they seemed to have power to cheer her on. But the word on the other side still remained dim. She shook her head and murmured, "I must be unfit for the world he came from that I cannot make it out yet. And, indeed, I could be content here, and not wish to go if I could but find a place to rest my weary body, and a crust of bread when I want it." Suddenly she came up to a cottage that stood all alone on the bleak common. She knocked at the door. A child opened it, and a light from a bright fire within shone into the old woman's face, dazzling her

vision; the child gazed wonderingly at her for a few seconds, then laid her hand upon her arm. "Come in out of the cold, do," she said, with a sweet persuasive accent.

Rachel yielded willingly, and found herself in the presence of the child's mother, who received her with great kindness, and made her sit down in an arm chair by the side of the fire. Soon they brought her some bread and sweet home-made wine. Then the mother bad the child show the old woman to the bed she was to occupy. The little one took a lighted candle and carefully pointed out the broken stair up which she mounted with difficulty. Coming to the bed she reached out her hand and held the light so that it fell upon the white curtains and soft pillow. "This is my bed," she said, "when I do not sleep with my mother. My father is at sea; will you pray for his safe return like I do before I go to sleep?"

The next day Rachel could hardly rise from her bed, her poor weak limbs were so full of stiffness and pain. Towards evening, however, she began to feel better; warmth and the long rest had revived her. But all day she kept recalling the command of the angel, "Stay not two nights under the same hospitable roof. Never retrace your steps." Death might be in waiting without—cold painful death; but she would be obedient. The good mother in vain urged her to remain, the little child wept, for a storm of hail began to descend at the close of the short autumn day, and the rumble of distant thunder was heard. But they could not detain her. She passed through the door murmuring blessings and thanks, and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her.

The storm increased in fury, and blew great hailstones in her unprotected face as she bent her head to the blast. When about half a mile from the cottage she suddenly heard the patter of little feet behind her, and turning round beheld the child, who instantly grasped her dress in both her little hands and buried her face from the fury of the storm.

"Child, child!" exclaimed Rachel, "wherefore do you follow me thus?"

"Because I love you. Oh, good old woman, mother told me last night that the good God would listen to your prayers for father's safe return. Oh! be not angry with me, but take me back to mother." And she began to tremble and sob as a great flash of lightning startled them, followed by a heavy crash of thunder. Then a great fear filled Rachel's breast at the angel's command, "Never retrace your steps," seemed to roar in the thunder and be written in forked lightning on the clouds. "God help me!" she shrieked, raising her hands above her head. The little one, alarmed by her vehement action, clung to her skirts. "Hush, darling!" cried Rachel, her strained voice falling all at once to a gentle soothing tone, as compassion for her fear all at once overcame every other feeling, "I will take you home."

When they regained the cottage, the frightened mother, who had just discovered the child's escape, bade Rachel enter, which she did not hesitate to do. She leant her crutches against the nearest chair. The child was safe, but divine vengeance would soon overtake herself for her act of disobedience, surely! She was standing upright, no longer depending for support upon her crutches. Then she became conscious that a great light filled the cottage, and that the mother and child were gazing at her with an expression of amazement depicted on their countenances. The scroll that she had always carried in her pocket now fluttered in the air before her, and the before unintelligible word appeared written in letters of varying colours, which recalled to her bewildered mind the wings of the angel who gave it her, and she murmured aloud as she gazed upon them, "*Humanity!*" Then the scroll melted away like a flake of snow.

"Mother," said the child in a tone of subdued awe, "see her wings! We have entertained an angel unawares!"

Rachel could not address them; the air of this earth is as stifling to etherials as water to human beings. But a smile that came from the peace in her heart seemed to bless them as she left them and rose to her own place.

FANNY M. EVANS.

BESSBROOK, IRELAND.

I NOW send you a few lines in reply to your inquiries respecting the above place, than which few, if any towns within the United Kingdom possess, for the true reformer, greater interest.

In a letter before me from Mr. J. N. Richardson, jun., himself, he says: "The cutting you enclose is not at all exaggerated. The statements in it are quite correct. I may add that the population of our village is about 4000, and the known cases of illegitimacy have not been during the past ten years more than twenty per cent. The poor rate for the district is also very much less than adjoining ones, and even then it is not our people which require assistance from the union, but those not upon our place.

"P.S.—I notice that Mr. Richardson is said to allow no public-house 'upon his lands.' This is true, so far as Bessbrook property is concerned. He has another property some little way from this upon which there are public-houses held by lease. I mention this merely that there may be nothing told you which is not quite correct. The difference between the one place and the other is very marked.

Let me now give you a few extracts taken from a pamphlet by E. Ritchie (just published by Tweedie and Co., London), and which, from personal observation and conversation with some of the *employés*, I am able to confirm. The town of Bessbrook is admirably situated, and the substantial and comfortable appearance of its interior at once impresses the stranger. No poisonous exhalations load the air; all seems cheerful and healthy. Here you have a picture of factory life *without factory abominations*. No policeman is required to keep order, for you see no public-house to create *disorder*. The head of the place is a teetotaler. Most of the leading men in the concern are the same. There is no law to compel the workpeople to be such, but most of them are so, and great is the comfort of the wives and families in consequence, as most people are fully aware of the fact that the *worst* thing a working man can do with his money is to spend it in the gin palace or the public-house. Another cause of the good condition of the place may be found in the reward given under certain conditions to the deserving and the saving—habits induced by the establishment of a bank, depositors in which receive interest at the rate of *five per cent.* That the men appreciate the advantage of such an institution is clear, when I state that some of them are depositors to the extent of £300 or £400.

After all that which mainly distinguishes Bessbrook from other places of the same kind are the religious agencies constantly brought to bear. Mr. Richardson himself is, as is well-known, a member of the Society of Friends, and he and his lady, who possess, I may be allowed to state, many admirable qualifications for such work, devote much of their time to the promotion amongst all of the Christian life; but *all are free to worship as conscience dictates.* Quakerism has no monopoly in the place. Roman Catholics and Protestants abound, and the result is, every operative, with his family, makes a point of attending some place of worship, and on a Sunday all the churches and chapels in the district are *well* filled. You don't see at Bessbrook what you often see elsewhere—the intelligent and independent operative lounging about on a Sunday morning, ragged, unshaven, unwashed, a short pipe in his mouth, and the penny Radical newspaper in his pocket, an untaxed and ill-bred cur at his heels, waiting for the public to open and supply him with his beloved and pernicious beer. Sunday is a busy day at Bessbrook. At an early hour the Roman Catholics may be seen going to mass, and then, as the day wears on, the general public are visible marching to one place of worship or another. *Few, very few, stop away.* . . . I don't imagine they have got the millennium at Bessbrook, but I feel justified in saying that there people live in charity with each other, who, in other parts of Ireland, would be at work cracking each other's skulls. How is this? I reply, the secret is to be found in the temperance character of the place. People discuss without the

stimulating influence of the national drink, and the result is they never come to blows. The nearest public-house outside the estate is called Sebastopol, on account of the fighting of which it is too often the centre.

Commercially, Bessbrook may be said to be of the first importance in the linen trade. The produce of its looms enjoys a world-wide reputation. Such confidence have buyers in them that, as a London gentleman remarked, "You may purchase them in the *dark*." There is nothing inferior in the quality of the Bessbrook linen. It may be pronounced unsurpassed. What is manufactured there is sold to the trade, who put their own name to it, and export it to all parts of the world. The Spanish are customers, and so are the Americans. The warehouses of London and Belfast and Manchester are full of linen manufactured at Bessbrook. The public do not know the name, but the merchants and shippers do.

The success of Bessbrook implies something more than a fair interest for money invested. It means the *advance* of the employed *morally* and *socially*. Bessbrook is not a mere pecuniary speculation. It is a grand experiment intended to show that not only can the workman do without his drink, but that he is *better* without it; that factory life may be carried on under circumstances favourable to the training of the children, to the development of the young, to the comfort and happiness of the advanced in life.

The size of the concern may be imagined from the fact that it employs nearly 4000 hands, including weavers, of which three-fourths are girls. Girls, many of whom would otherwise have to walk the streets in rags, or be thrown wild upon the towns, and add to their ever-increasing pauperism and degradation. About £200,000 worth of "raw material" is worked up at Bessbrook every year, and above £50,000 per annum paid away in wages.

J. F. KENNARD.

Warren Point, May, 1877.

LONDON BRIDGE.—For nearly 800 years London Bridge was the only one over the river Thames.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Two girls, of the same age, of the same town, yet how different!

The one looks down from a balcony of flowers into the busy street. Dressed in the most elegant style, surrounded by luxury and refinement, she seems apart from and above the common world. Cherished since infancy with the tenderest care, never knowing a want, every need supplied without thought or exertion on her own part, she has led a sheltered life, guarded and ministered to by all, till she has grown to feel a right to a large share of the enjoyment and pleasure of life. Nay, she is even half-discontented and inclined to complain that there is not enough novelty in the amusements which she seeks so eagerly.

This thought is in her mind as she looks down on the passers-by, most of whom are workers returning from their daily labours somewhat noisily. She feels her own superior refinement and delicacy, and forgets how carefully she has been guarded, just as when she hears of the weaknesses and sins of others, she feels an unpitying disdain, and forgets she has never been tempted. The hardships and sufferings of many in this world never trouble her by the contrast to her own comforts, for she has an easy sensation that her superiority gives her a right to a better life (as she considers it) than falls to their lot. "*I* could not lead a common life like that," she says, turning away as the other girl passes by and looks up towards her.

Truly there is a difference! Pale-faced and ordinary-looking, there is nothing to mark her out from her compeers; her dress is showy and tawdry, and perchance if she spoke her voice might have a tinge of harshness, and she might let fall vulgar words learnt in the factory where she passes the greater part of her time. As she looks up towards the balcony of flowers, it seems to her also that the lady there is of a higher kind than she, and the life she leads nobler than her own.

What is her life?

From earliest childhood she has known hardship and want; she has

grown up familiar with trial and suffering, accustomed to toil and little pleasure. Working throughout the day in a hot and crowded room, at night she returns through the noisy, dusty streets to the home where a hard-working mother is full of care, and often fretful and complaining. She brings her share of earnings, and seeing that "mother is worried," gives a helping hand and tries to say some cheering words.

Although she comes constantly in contact with, and in hearing of, coarseness and profanity, she keeps herself apart and away from it. Nay, she will speak in favour of what she thinks right, despite the sneers and jeering that often follow. So in the midst of temptation she passes through unscathed.

There is none of the beauty and refinement of life in her surroundings, but her soul is open to its influence. The words she uses may be vulgar, but her thoughts are never so, for she admires and loves the grand and noble, and often dreams of a holier, purer, and brighter world than hers. As she looks up towards the balcony, this thought is in her heart: "It must be beautiful to be like that, instead of living a common life like mine!"

Which is the common life?

M. R.

SET FREE.

WEARY and sick at heart,
Weighed down by a load of care,
And well nigh spent with toil,
I entered the house of prayer.

A burden of trifling things;
Yet to me it seemed so great,
I sank on my knees and prayed
God would help me bear its weight.

And lo! as I left the church
To the organ's swelling chord,
My soul was freed,—my burden
Lay at the feet of the Lord.

M. R.

STUDYING AND WORKING.—A countryman who often called at a certain bishop's, and was always told that his lordship was at his studies and could not be disturbed, at last observed, "I wish the Queen would never make folk bishops who have not finished their studies."

BE WILLING TO LEARN.

A MAN progresses just as long as he is willing to learn, but progression ceases whenever he reaches that point where he places his knowledge in the balance against that of other men. Strange as it may appear, there are a good many such men in the world. Some cannot be taught anything, no matter to what branch of human knowledge it belongs. Others are perfect in only one thing, and that relates to the business they follow. It is here that this egotistical importance works the most mischief, for it always cripples a man's usefulness in life.

There is another class of persons who will accept knowledge only from those whom they acknowledge as their superiors. They must know the source of every item of information, and it is rejected as error or accepted as truth accordingly. They never think, reason, or experiment for themselves, and hence their belief and practice exhibit a very strange mixture of the practicable and the impracticable, of truth and error.

The truly progressive class accept truth wherever they find it, and reject nothing because of its source. A hint dropped from a beggar's lips is just as valuable as though it came from royalty itself. These are the men who do think, reason, and experiment for themselves. Like the miner, it is the gold they are after, and, like him, they never reject it, because it is associated with dross and dirt, but go resolutely to work to separate the pure from the impure, retaining only the former.

We heard a prominent agriculturist say, in an address, that no class of people were so unwilling to learn of others as farmers. We don't believe it. Farmers are like other men in this respect—no better, no worse. There is a large class of them, however, who have too much confidence in their own methods, drawn from their own experience alone, and can see little merit in other men's methods. Experience is a good school, but a man cheats himself most outrageously when he imagines that his own experience alone is all he needs.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A PRUDENT MAN.—"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scotch laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the lik' of that. I have kept my thought to mysel'."

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.—Erasmus, who was of a sickly constitution, and had, therefore, obtained a dispensation for the eating of flesh in times of abstinence, being reproached by the Pope for not observing Lent, replied, "I assure your holiness that my heart is a Catholic one, but I confess I have a Lutheran stomach."

THE NEWSBOYS. — It is amusing to observe in the streets of London how the newsboys enjoy some sensational piece of intelligence, which may help them off with their papers. The other day a gentleman met a very quiet newsboy selling papers. "Is there any news?" inquired the gentleman. "Lots o' news," replied the boy, "but nothin' to holler."

CHARACTERISTICS.—An Englishman was accosted thus:—"What would you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?" "A beefsteak and a pint of beer," was the frank reply. The next one thus accosted was a Scotchman. Say Sandy, "What'll ye gie?" Lastly came along Patrick, and when asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he wittily answered, "An' sure an' I'd be apt to take a bad cowld."

STRETCHING A POINT.—A London gentleman who was sending away his Irish butler for no exemplary conduct, but who, like most masters, was willing to make the best of him when he was going to plague somebody else, made this parting speech, "I have said you are honest John, with a good conscience; but I have stretched a point in saying you are sober." Sure, your honour, could you not stretch another point, and say I am frequently sober?"

DOT'S PRAYER.—Dot was usually a remarkably good child, but one day she behaved so badly that both papa and mamma had to reprove her. Thoroughly ashamed, but in no way penitent, Dot brooded over the affront till bedtime, and was still full of indignation when she knelt to say her prayer. Even "Now I lay me" was said with pouting lips, and when it came to the little addendum, "Bless my dear father and mother," she stopped short. "Go on, darling," said mamma. "Oh, Lord, please bless"—there was another pause—"just bless me, my wn self. Amen."

THE VICTORY OF CALMNESS.—The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and, without any announcement, in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen. "Who're you?" asked the Duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up without the least change of countenance upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon." "What want?" "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me?—very odd." "I am Apollyon, and I must put you to death." "'Bliged to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, confounded by the coolness of the stern old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

THE SERVICE OF AN APE.—Our contemporary the *World*, in a recent number, tells a story, somewhat humorous in its way, and which is really worth repeating, of the manner in which an "eminent menagerist," whose house in the suburbs of London is passed by forty trains an hour, managed to replenish his coal-cellar whilst the colliers were on strike. From his menagerie in town he brought a large Barbary ape, which unfortunate animal was chained to the top of a pole at the end of a garden. The result was as pleasant as owning a colliery, without any wages to pay, or fear of floods and explosions. Every stoker, and occasionally a driver, on a train that passed had a shot with a lump of coal at the Barbary ape. The B. A. was never hit, but the garden was littered with coal, which the "menagerist" triumphantly conveyed to his cellars. It is said, perhaps rightly, that we ought not to ape the manners of others, but there can be no harm in any of our readers imitating the custom, if they ever have the opportunity in cold weather of the owner of the Barbary ape. Besides, it has the charm of novelty about it, because it is altogether a new calling.

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